THE New Republic

Will Alabama Recognize the United States?

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De Gaulle—The Burden of Victory

By CURTIS CATE

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Gomulka's Moscow Mission . . *George Sherman*

How Much for Defense? . . . . . *Jack Raymond*

Christian Anthropology . . . . *Reinhold Niebuhr*

NATIONALIST CHINESE RULE ON FORMOSA

A Communication from Minister F. S. Chu
And a Reply by Li Thian-hok

DECEMBER 22, 1958

25 cents

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Washington Wire

The Man To Beat

LIBERAL COLUMNIST William Bohn in *The New Leader* writes an enthusiastic piece about Nelson Rockefeller, entitling it "Next President." He's right—Rocky is a nice fellow. But this fact has to be faced. If Rockefeller is a real liberal, the GOP won't nominate him; if the GOP nominates him he's not a real liberal.

The old two-year ritual is starting again now: the ritual that nominated "liberal" Eisenhower in 1952. You can see it; anybody who knows Washington can see it. Nixon is struggling desperately but he is tainted politically as "controversial," and the GOP probably won't pick him. A lot of Republicans don't understand this yet, but they will—give them time. (All bets off, of course, if Nixon becomes President before 1960.)

So we think the GOP will take Rockefeller; in fact, he is the man to beat. And this point can't be raised too soon. Any sentimental liberal who supports Rockefeller in 1960 will be doing a repeat of 1952, putting glamor ahead of reason, hope ahead of experience, and making a mish-mash of US party labels. The Catholics are not going to make a Methodist Pope! The GOP is the conservative party, and Rockefeller is a Republican even if he leaves the naughty word off his billboards.

A Democrat like Hubert Humphrey is not a TV glamor personality like Rockefeller or Nixon. But he's thought out where he stands, he can stand up to anybody, and he's a rough-tough fighter.

Expand or Stagnate

MORE than half of Eisenhower's six years have been shadowed by recessions. In six years he has had two recessions and four deficits (including the estimated $12 billion deficit for fiscal 1959). Again today recovery from the current recession isn't developing as fast as expected. What's the matter with things? The trouble is, we think, that old-fashioned economic theory doesn't fit the new situations. The big feature today is *growth*. There are 15 million more Americans now than when Eisenhower took office. We are increasing by 3 million a year (soon it will be 5 million). Goods and services must expand or we stagnate. National output should grow about 5 percent a year (economists figure growth was 10 percent in the war, 5 percent under Truman, and a miserable 1.3 percent in the six Eisenhower years). Soviet Russia, from a lower base, is leaping ahead 7 to 10 percent a year in gross national product. She will catch up to us if we continue to limp.

But Eisenhower and his advisers (save Arthur Burns, who quit) keep trying to cut back. The population grows, but they try to reduce the budget. They quail at the words "biggest budget in history" forgetting that it is also the biggest population in history. Senator Joseph Clark (D, Pa.) pointed out in Boston the other day that *per capita* debt is "less than half as burdensome to the country as it was 12 years ago." The ratio of debt to gross national product is half what it used to be; the ratio of Federal taxes to GNP is way down, too.

A Balanced Budget

AS LONG as Eisenhower's policies keep the economy from expanding, federal deficits are inevitable—smaller profits: smaller income; smaller income tax: smaller Treasury revenue. (The current recession alone will cost the Treasury in lost revenue $7.5 billion of its expected $12 billion deficit.) Eisenhower thinks federal spending is *ipso facto* "inflationary"; actually some is and some isn't. Federal spending offset by created assets (investment in a TVA dam, say) is no more inflationary than private spending.

The country doesn't need higher taxes to balance the budget; it needs present taxes plus a normal 5-percent-a-year economic growth: that would balance the budget automatically and strengthen us in the Cold War. The thing that is lacking now is proper growth, proper expansion. Cheese-paring the budget won't produce it.

We saw Archibald MacLeish's poetic drama *J.B.*—a re-working of the Book of Job—here in Washington before it went to New York. We imagine it will run forever because it tackles a mighty subject, is basically incomprehensible, and challenges every minister of the gospel to try to explain it. Three local drama critics reverentially agreed "J.B." (Job) was being justly punished for a "sin," but each came up with a different sin. Being little accustomed to theological debates since college days, we went back to MacLeish's Bible original to wrestle with the tremendous old problem. Sadly we came away as much perplexed as ever: to our unenlightened eye, under the surging poetry a Jewish tribal god was beating a faithful servant merely to prove his loyalty.

The Right To Vote

WE infuriated an un-reconstructed Virginia taxi-driver the other day by saying that our daughter was a District of Columbia high school student with several colored children in her class and that she thought nothing of it. Come to think of it, she had a Negro teacher too. We said this quite matter-of-factly and it was almost more than he could bear.

What struck us was how quickly and unerringly the sputtering driver got to the sex angle. We are persuaded that racial phobia is substantially Freudian. And that is why the beginning which the new US Civil Rights Commission is making in Montgomery, Alabama, stressing voting rights rather than school rights, seems in some ways more hopeful than the school desegregation approach. The right to vote implies no social intermingling of the sexes at the high school level. Most Southerners now accept the voting idea, however reluctantly. With rising economic status the vote will put great leverage into Negroes' hands for further advance. From everything we hear the six-man Commission, with its three distinguished Southerners, conducted itself admirably. Surely one of the most savagely ironic incidents in recent history was the parade of disenfranchised doctors of philosophy from the Negroes' cultural center at Tuskegee before the ungrammatical local white county officials, who refused to testify. We hope it will touch the South's innate chivalry.

T.R.B.

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Correspondence

► ***Pasternak and the Nobel Prize***

SIRS:

MR. HUGH MASSINGHAM displays unusual confusion for an Englishman in his letter calling the award of the Nobel Prize to Boris Pasternak "irresponsible" (*NR*, Dec. 15). He seems to believe that the Nobel Prize is the

(Continued on page 24)

Alabama

THE CIVIL RIGHTS ACT of 1957 embodies a number of Northern concessions. These were justified on the ground that a small but sure step forward was better than a larger one of dubious effectiveness. Results were confidently expected from this Act because it achieved in the Senate a considerable measure of Southern acquiescence. The South, it was widely thought, could and would live with it, decently and peacefully.

But that was more than a year ago, before Second Little Rock. Last year's assumptions are not valid in today's worsening situation. When the Civil Rights Commission, taking up its duties under the Act, mildly and civilly undertook to investigate registration of Negro voters in Alabama, it was faced with an almost total refusal on the part of the Alabama officials concerned to produce records or give relevant testimony. One of the Southern members of the Commission, former Governor John S. Battle of Virginia, reacting infinitely more in sorrow than in anger, remarked that Southern obstinacy of this sort will give aid and comfort to "our enemies." He was not referring to the Soviets nor to the Communist Chinese nor to others in this small world who are instantly informed of such incidents and only too pleased to sneer. He had in mind the 86th Congress of the United States.

Mr. Battle, to be sure, is a moderate, a man of relative good will, and not to be lumped together with the officials he was addressing. It is all the more shocking that the phrase "our enemies" should come to his lips in reference to the federal government; all the more symptomatic of the danger against which he should have warned, the danger that repeated official defiance of lawful federal process will turn into a pestilence of general lawlessness, which may in the end engulf us all but which is bound to ravage the South first.

The Department of Justice, acting with commendable promptness, has obtained court orders to back up the Commission's subpoenas. The penalty for continued failure to comply is now contempt of court; and the consequence of that may be jail, as of right it ought to be. Mr. Patterson, the Governor-elect of Alabama who is advising the defiers, doubtless knows that his clients haven't a leg to stand on. There is not even a colorable legal issue involved here. It is about 100 years too late to argue that the quasi-judicial status conferred by local law on election commissioners, jury commissioners and the like can stand in the way of enforcement against them of the 15th Amendment's guarantee of the right to vote or the 14th's assurance of the equal protection of the laws.

So utterly clear and constitutionally well-grounded is the authority conferred by Congress on the Civil Rights Commission that we can only wonder what other lawful, long-established function of the federal government will meet with defiance in the South next. The plague of Little Rock spreads. It is a harsh and unpleasant thing to say, but it is about time someone went to jail.

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Spilled Milk

IN THE EARLY 1930's, Alexander Sachs remarked that the New Deal reminded him of one of those many-armed Indian Goddesses: not only do the right hands not know what the lefts are doing, but there is confusion on each side. Comparable confusion surrounds the recent decision of the Federal District Court of the District of Columbia in the case of *US v. the Maryland and Virginia Milk Producers Association, Inc.* The decision may initiate new interpretations of the antitrust acts and is given added interest by the fact that it comes at a time when legislators are seriously asking how much immunity from antitrust laws should be afforded another group of organizations which have privileged status under the law —the labor unions.

In 1914, Congress clearly intended that there should be a sheltered position for farmers' cooperatives. Section 6 of the Clayton Act reads:

> Nothing contained in the Antitrust Laws shall be construed to forbid the existence and operation of labor, agricultural or horticultural organizations instituted for the purpose of mutual help and not having capital stock or conducted for profit, nor shall such organizations be held or construed to be illegal combinations or conspiracies in restraint of trade under the Antitrust Laws.

But in 1914, monopoly was fairly easy to distinguish, and so was the distinction between economic upper- and under-dogs. Today vertical and horizontal integration have gone much further in all kinds of business, and particularly in agriculture. Administered prices and monopolistic competition have become familiar; and the strength of groups sheltered by the Clayton Act has been greatly increased. Whether old antitrust bottles can hold the new wine (or milk) remains to be tested.

The Maryland and Virginia Milk Producers case began when the Department of Justice hailed into Court, under a civil action for attempted monopoly, a milk producers' marketing association. The association, in turn, contended that it was entitled to operate as it did under the general provisions of the Clayton Act and the special provisions of the Capper-Volstead Act. Furthermore, the milk producers could point out that their association had not been prosecuted by the Secretary of Agriculture (and he had the legal power to do so); it had been financed by the Federal Bank for Cooperatives and was supplying milk to an area where Congress had set standards materially higher than those prevailing in most metropolitan centers.

The government's case rested on two central charges. First, it said that the Association's monopoly of the milk supply in the District of Columbia and environs was the outcome of activities that went back many years: there had been, the government charged, a studied attempt by the Association to keep all non-member milk producers out of the Washington market. Here, Judge Alexander Holtzoff ruled for the defendants—declaring that the Clayton Act and the Special Provisions of the Capper-Volstead Act do indeed give special immunity to agricultural cooperatives.

But on this point, District Judge Aldrich of Boston, deciding a similar case on November 20, specifically disagreed with Judge Holtzoff as to the scope of the exemptions allowed under these Acts *(April v. National Cranberry Association)*. "With all respect," Aldrich said, "I believe the learned Judge reached this conclusion far too readily."

The other part of the government's case against the Maryland and Virginia Milk Producers Association turned on the Association's acquisition of a large Washington dairy — Embassy Dairy — which had previously bought its milk from non-members of the cooperative. Here, Judge Holtzoff said that the Milk Producers Association by its acquisition of Embassy did violate the Antitrust Act.

But Holtzoff stressed that the extent of exemptions and immunities under existing statutes does constitute a question of "novel impression." And so, over the next months (the decision is being appealed), doctrine is likely to be developed by the courts on whether such bodies as agricultural co-ops are entirely exempt from provisions of antitrust laws; whether acquisition by a producer of a distributive outlet which tends to lessen competition is forbidden under these acts; and whether, if a producers association should be requested to divest itself of a recently acquired outlet, a purchaser exists other than an organization whose membership would likewise contribute to a monopolistic situation.

China's Elder Brother

THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION initiated in the Chinese countryside has been treated with eloquent reserve by Moscow and its European satellites. Only sparse factual reports followed the publication in *Pravda,* September 11, 1958, of the text of the decision of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party to create "People's Communes in the countryside."

There are several reasons why the commune development is viewed with misgivings, some of which are noted by George Sherman in his dispatch from Poland in this issue. Mao's "Great Leap" could be interpreted as an implied criticism of Khrushchev's recent agricultural reforms—notably his transfer of machine tractor stations to the collective farms, which seems to be a step back from the professed Communist goal of nationalizing the countryside and converting the peasantry into wage earners. While the Chinese leap forward, Khrushchev's

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Mrs. Pat—A British View

Following her recent trip to England, a British look at Mrs. Richard M. Nixon appeared in the December 5 issue of The Spectator, *published in London. It is reprinted below, by permission of* The Spectator, *which titled the piece about the wife of America's Vice President, "Mrs. Pat."*

A POLICEMAN stopped each taxi at the gate and stuck his head in to look at the occupant. It was an interesting prelude to going to tea with Mrs. Nixon. Then the Ambassador's black front door glided open (neither knock nor ring was required, merely presence) and a glittering young man inside said "Ma'am?" and discreetly mentioned where the cloakroom was. "They've already gone into conclave," he rebuked, as I sidled 10 minutes late into the Gold Dining Room.

Inside, sure enough, Mrs. Pat was presiding over a silver tea-tray beneath a chandelier. She perpetually poured tea out of an antique china tea-pot. This wifely activity fascinated the photographers and every few minutes one of them would say, "Mrs. Nixon, *would* you mind pouring tea again?" She smiled widely and obligingly heaved the tea-pot up.

The tea, handed to one in a gold-encrusted cup, tasted to me like old shoes, though an epicure identified it as Java Smoked. The cakes, on the other hand, were better than the native English ever lay hands on—baby eclairs and teeny cream buns filled with real cream. The dining-room was shimmering gold with dainty arrangements of Cape gooseberries upon the walls and there was a rare polish on the long table. The house, so one of the reception party told me, was full of "little things the Whitneys left behind" though I could not find out what any of these were, unless one was the van Gogh in the next room.

Mrs. Pat, face to face, is like a Republican Coppelia. She chatters, answers questions, smiles and smiles, all with a doll's terrifying poise. There is too little comprehension. Like a doll she would still be smiling while the world broke. Only her eyes, dark, darting and strained, signal that inside the black suit and pearls there is a human being, probably perfectly content not to get out.

"Do you worry about politics, Mrs. Nixon?"

"Oh no, I never worry."

"Do you mind the rude things people have said about your husband, Mrs. Nixon?"

"Oh no, when you really know what a person is like inside them you don't let unkind comments affect you."

"Do you find your political duties affect your family life, Mrs. Nixon?"

"Oh no, I reserve time to be with the children every day."

Britain was beautiful, just too beautiful, that was for sure. Such a pity there was no time to see everything, all the wonderful places she was always reading about. She just loved people. She was like that. She loved entertaining, too. Mostly when she dined the Eisenhowers she took a hotel, but she just loved doing Spanish-style cooking for her friends. No, she didn't live in an official residence. Just a house. The married couple who ran it had two whole days off a week and Mrs. Nixon pitched in and did everything herself.

How did British women compare for dress with American women? Mrs. Pat looked round the dowdy assembly of women reporters and said tactfully that they looked exactly like their American counterparts. Most of Mrs. Pat's clothes came from the Elizabeth Arden Dress Shop and she always chose Richard's neckties. She was giving him ties for Christmas. Yes, she had been very disappointed at the trend of the recent elections. She herself, it was true, had once been a Democrat, but love had changed all that. And the Republican Party had changed too. Did she ever feel frightened at her reputation for being the perfect politician's wife?

"Oh no, I just travel along from day to day doing the best I can."

And such a wonderful, chromium-plated best, too. One grey hair, one hint of fear, one golden tea-cup overturned on the Persian carpet and one could have loved her.

critics could argue, the Soviet Union creeps backward.

But even more upsetting to the Soviet elder brothers must be the Chinese claim that their communes herald the imminent advent of Communism, that is, the final coming of that historical development in which the principle of "to each according to his needs" will prevail. In words almost identical with the thesis published in Russia on the occasion of the 40th anniversary of the Bolshevik revolution, the Chinese Party announces that "the realization of Communism in our country is no longer something remote." This must surely seem a travesty of Marxism to the Kremlin. For how can an economically and culturally backward country like China, lacking the material abundance and level of literacy necessary to sustain a mature Communist society, claim it has reached or is about to reach the "highest stage of history."

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More than ideological deviation is involved here. Implicitly the Chinese challenge the Soviet role as pioneer and leader of the Communist world.

A distortion in *Izvestia* is significant in this connection. In an article by Bo-I-Bo, a candidate member of the Chinese Politburo (October 1, 1958), the above phrase is directly quoted, but in an altered form: "The realization of the *communes* in our country is no longer something remote." The word *communes* has been substituted for *Communism*. Other passages are also paraphrased, though not directly quoted, in a sense reducing the role ascribed by the Chinese to the communes. Thus the phrase "the Commune will be the lower unit of the future Communist society" is paraphrased in *Izvestia* to read "the commune will in fact become the basic unit of Socialist society." In Communist discourse such minor verbal divergencies are not fortuitous; they often reflect profound dissensions.

Raising the Minimum

THERE IS a good chance that within the next two years additional groups of employees will come under the protection of the minimum wage law. And there is at least a fair chance that the hourly minimum wage will be raised to $1.25. By so doing, the Congress will substantially assist the one-fifth of the nation that, despite our "affluent society," remains ill-clad, ill-housed, and ill-fed.

Passed 20 years ago, the Fair Labor Standards Act stated that:

> labor conditions detrimental to the maintenance of the minimum standard of living necessary for the health, efficiency, and general well-being of workers . . should be eliminated as rapidly as practicable.

The Act itself, which established a 25-cent hourly minimum and a 44-hour week, was viewed as a first step. But although by 1941, a 40-cent minimum and a 40-hour week were in effect, it was not until 1950 that the floor was raised to 75 cents an hour, and then at the price of narrowing coverage by a redefinition of "interstate commerce" and by specific exemptions for a variety of businesses—retail and service, laundry and dry cleaning, irrigation, newspapers, telephone, taxicab, telegraph and logging. Another six years went by before the minimum was lifted to $1 an hour.

About 20 million workers are not yet covered by the law, and these are in trades where union organization is weakest. The single largest group is the 9 million employed in retailing, hotels, dry cleaning and laundries —4 million of whom now earn less than $1 an hour. Another 3 million—the most hard-pressed—are in agriculture, where 1.5 million also earn less than the $1 minimum.

What Difference?

IT WOULD BE interesting to have at this time a short, but trenchant and authoritative statement from the Newspaper Publishers Association of New York City defining exactly the responsibility to the public that a New York newspaper acknowledges. We know the responsibility that the city's newspapers acknowledge to each other. If one is struck, the others suspend publication.

This would seem to leave little room for any responsibility to do everything humanly possible to give the public a true account of current events. Yet some shrewd observers have accounted that a heavy responsibility. Thomas Jefferson, for instance, said that "if a nation expects to be ignorant and free it expects what never was and never will be," which would raise the purveying of information to an importance not surpassed by any other function of public life.

But when a newspaper feels absolved of that responsibility because another newspaper is hampered by a strike, it is evident that it takes the responsibility very lightly, about as lightly, indeed, as William H. Vanderbilt took his responsibility to provide public transportation. It is difficult to see much difference between the present attitude of the New York publishers and that expressed in Mr. Vanderbilt's well-remembered apothegm, "The public be damned!"

Object: Economic Growth

AN IMPRESSIVE procession of 50-odd witnesses, from Cabinet officers to special pleaders for various foreign investment interests, testified last week before Rep. Hale Boggs' special Congressional subcommittee on overseas trade and investment policy. Much has been said about the feud aired in the hearings between the Treasury Department and the Commerce Department (Treasury opposes tax-concession proposals for attracting private capital to the underdeveloped areas). Little or nothing has been said, however, about what could and should be done; about the extent to which it is desirable for our government to underwrite tax windfalls for overseas investors.

In our view Republican Sen. Jacob K. Javits made one of the few pertinent contributions at the hearings when he emphasized the need for *selective* tax concessions. The Senator seemed to be warning against turning our foreign economic policy into one big bonanza for private interests in the name of combatting Soviet economic penetration in the underdeveloped countries. "More favorable tax treatment," said Senator Javits, "must be justified by its contribution to the foreign policy of the United States. This I do not think can be done across the board." He went on to emphasize that "virtually none" of our foreign investment now goes to "Asia and the Middle East . . . the less-developed areas. We should try by selectivity to stimulate

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investment in areas where it will do the foreign policy of the United States the most good."

There are undoubtedly certain countries where more US private investment in industrial growth would do US foreign policy a great deal of good. The Javits principle of selectivity implies that such countries (India, Indonesia and Ghana are good current examples) must be the focus of any tax concessions; that concessions should be granted solely to induce *new* investment, not to fatten profits on existing holdings; that such investment should conform to industrialization objectives in the countries concerned and not be employed for purposes of political leverage.

Those officials in the State Department and International Cooperation Administration who would have to take the responsibility for the kind of screening process implicit in any selective program of tax concessions might well throw up their hands in bureaucratic despair at the prospect. But if the Administration does in fact decide on any significant tax concessions (and the opposition of the Treasury makes this questionable), then some form of political control should be imposed or more harm than good may follow.

NATO Meets

THE NATO Council is holding its December meeting this week, again in an atmosphere of crisis. This is becoming an annual affair: in 1956 the December meeting had to deal with the Suez imbroglio; last year the Council assembled at this time in the shadow of the Sputnik; now the primary concern is the Russian threat to Berlin. If this were all, NATO as an organization would be fortunate, because any overt threat to Western Europe closes the NATO ranks, even though it also stirs fears of nuclear war. But NATO has other problems that it must either solve or somehow manage to bypass if it is to continue a going concern. The most immediate is the vexed question of the European trade area, which Britain seems determined to put on the agenda. This is, of course, not really within NATO's purview, but unless some meeting of the minds can be achieved between the six members of the European Common Market, led by France on the one hand and Britain on the other, the consequences for NATO's unity could be grave indeed. There is also the obscure issue of what de Gaulle has in mind concerning the overhaul of NATO's leadership. Some time ago it was reported that France was going to demand a position alongside Britain and the US in a NATO directorate—an organ that does not exist on paper, though it certainly has some substance in fact. Not so publicly on the agenda is the question of NATO's military posture, which can hardly be regarded as satisfactory to anyone.

NATO's military problem presents a tragic dilemma. There seems little doubt the Council will decide to stand fast on Berlin, and this raises distinctly the possibility of armed conflict with the Warsaw Pact countries if the West uses force to keep the way to Berlin open. The Russians have said that the Warsaw countries would respond to this "aggression" with all the strength of their armed services. It is unlikely, however, that their counter-attack would be made with nuclear weapons, since in present circumstances this would be unnecessary. The West would then face the alternative of either backing down, or initiating a nuclear war.

In view of the strategic stalemate, it is as unlikely as it is unthinkable that the latter would include a US strategic nuclear attack upon the USSR. Moreover, in view of the imbalance in Russia's favor in long-range missiles, it seems equally unlikely that the Russians will be deterred by the expectation an attack on the USSR *would* be the US response. Finally, it seems almost as unlikely that the West would risk a so-called limited nuclear war in Western Europe as that the US would initiate a total nuclear war. The question, then, is whether the Russians would be deterred from pressing a decisive conventional attack, in retaliation for the West's use of force to keep the way to Berlin open, by anticipation of this unlikely Western reply. If there is a solution to this dilemma that favors NATO, it would seem to require an immediate decision to increase greatly NATO's capacity for non-nuclear military action. Despite the lateness of the hour, it is possible that this might suggest to the Russians that unless they back down on Berlin they are risking a stalemate in a protracted non-nuclear conflict which they could win only by resorting to nuclear weapons —and assuming thereby responsibility for the destruction of Europe.

A COMMUNICATION

Chinese Rule on Formosa

SIRS:

BY RESORTING to half-truths and outright falsehoods, Li Thian-hok, author of "Formosans Know What They Want" in the November 24 issue of *The New Republic,* has created a one-sided and therefore distorted picture of Formosa.

Mr. Li claimed that more than 50 percent of the Formosan rice crop was exported in 1940 (during Japanese occupation) and that the figure had dropped to 10.6 percent by 1955. For some reason, he did not see fit to mention that during the Japanese occupation, much of the rice crop was earmarked for export to Japan and that the diet of the Formosan-born Chinese was largely supplemented by sweet potatoes.

Impartial observers are unanimously agreed that the farmers in Formosa today enjoy a much higher standard of living than before and that, as a result of the enforcement of the land reform program begun in 1949, their income has increased by 30 percent.

Mr. Li deplored the fact that Lord Lindsay failed to mention that the increase in rice production was achieved at the

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sacrifice of other crops, notably sugar cane, but sugar production is largely limited by the export quota set by the International Sugar Council of which the Republic of China is a member.

With bland disregard for statistics, Mr. Li pointed out that per capita industrial production is lower than it was during the Japanese occupation. The simple fact is that while the population has doubled between 1938 and 1958, power production is now 3.74 times and cement production 4.6 times the 1938 figure. The industrial production index from 1948 to 1958 has increased three times (including mining, building, electrical appliances, etc.). The textile industry, practically non-existent in 1938, now employs 33,000 workers and turns out textile products valued at US $110 million annually.

Turning to the field of education, Mr. Li said that at the college level, competition for admission is keen and that the opportunity of Formosans for higher education is limited. The shortage of institutions of higher learning is something which the government deeply deplores and is doing its best to remedy. That there is no discrimination whatever against native-born Chinese is borne out by a few pertinent figures. Of the 1,774 students enrolled in the five institutions of higher learning during the Japanese occupation, 1,419 were Japanese nationals while only 355, or 25 percent, were Formosans. Today, more than 60 percent of the students in the colleges and universities are native-born.

The view was also expressed by Mr. Li that the election of local councils, magistrates and mayors and the provincial assembly did not signify democratic participation in the government by the people. I wonder if Mr. Li knows that more than 80 percent of the eligible voters in Formosa went to the polls in most of the elections. Surely, he must be aware of the fact that in 1945, the last year of Japanese rule, among 84,559 public functionaries under the jurisdiction of the Japanese Governor-General, only one native-born Chinese, a university professor, held a post equivalent to the present "selected appointment" rank and that, by the end of 1954, among 111,633 public functionaries in the provincial government, 72,415, or 64 percent, were native-born. The figure is even higher today.

Lastly, Mr. Li aired the grievance that the "Formosans" had no opportunity to express their views. It is a pity that Mr. Li does not read newspapers and periodicals published in Formosa. If he did, he would be surprised to find the amount of criticism against the government in such publications. Futhermore, any person in Formosa is entirely free to talk to visitors from abroad. Politically and economically, it is generally agreed that Formosa is one of the most stable areas in the Far East today. I would advise Mr. Li, who has shown so much concern over the welfare of the people there, to visit Formosa and get his facts and figures straight.

F. S. CHU

Minister Plenipotentiary,
Chinese Embassy

. . . A Formosan Disagrees

I HAVE LIVED on Formosa under both Japanese and Chinese Nationalist rule, and I do scan papers and magazines from Formosa. And what do I find? In Taipeh alone, 31 business firms went bankrupt between January and May, and 327 ceased operation. Tax delinquency reached more than 2.3 million cases. The economic crisis got so bad that on July 19 the Executive Yuan forbade creditors to demand payment of principals. Unemployment is on the increase, and suicides fill news columns. To mitigate social unrest Chiang Kai-shek's propaganda machine blares out the hollow promise of the reconquest of China!

It is not hard to lie with statistics, as Mr. Chu's comments demonstrate. By taking 1948 as his base year, a year in which the Formosan economy came virtually to a halt due to systematic "squeeze," he obtains a three-fold increase in production for mining, etc., in 1958. But this comparison does not refute my point, *i.e.* over-all per capita industrial production is lower than it was during the Japanese days. It only goes to show how far the corrupt Chinese regime succeeded in wrecking the island's economy immediately after its take-over. Absolute growth in production in sectors such as textile and power has not been sufficient to compensate for population growth and the marked decline of sugar production, which is still the largest single industry.

Mr. Chu conveniently ignores the fact that some 75,000 Formosans went to college in Japan prior to World War II. Today, about 20 to 30 Formosan college graduates are allowed to come to the US annually. A handful go to Japan. High school graduates are not permitted to go abroad, presumably because it is dangerous to expose susceptive youthful minds to alien influences.

Nowhere does Mr. Chu deny my charges that elections are rigged. By "democratic participation in government" I meant much more than the number of voters who went to the polls. In the Soviet Union, 99 percent of voters vote. Does that make it a democracy? The number of Formosan employees in the Provincial government is irrelevant, since they are in lower administrative posts and since the Provincial government is completely subservient to Chiang's Central government. As for criticism of the government, a shrewd dictatorship invariably permits some ventilation of grievances of a non-political and non-organized character. The kind of criticisms that appear in Formosa seems to me minor and trivial.

But to dwell on the misgovernment of the Nationalists is to miss the central point of my article, that the Chinese refugees do not have the right to rule the nine million real Formosans, who are the only rightful owners of the island, and hence should be given a chance to determine their own destiny through a UN-supervised plebiscite. If the Nationalist regime is confident of the support of the Formosans, why should it reject such a proposal?

LI THIAN-HOK

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How Much Must We Spend for Defense?

by JACK RAYMOND

HOW MUCH should the United States spend on military defense? This fiscal year (July 1, 1958, to June 30, 1959) it is expected to spend $40 billion. That is more than half the government's estimated total expenditure of $79 billion. In the next fiscal period, military spending is expected to rise by at least $1 billion despite cutbacks in uniformed manpower, reduced production of weapons "hardware" and the elimination of some costly missile programs.

President Eisenhower has let it be known on several occasions that he is worried about these expenditures. The government deficit is $12 billion, and the President has warned that unless some way is found to reduce military spending, "Then I will tell you we better go into a garrison state." Yet, when Mr. Eisenhower presents his budget for Fiscal Year 1960 to Congress next January, he will be faced by critics whose views of military preparedness, if adopted, would require even greater expenditures than the economy-minded President will be forced to propose. Influential Congressmen already have announced that they will fight the President's orders to reduce the size of the Armed Forces. A Congressional debate over the military budget is thus pending.

Before that debate starts it would be useful to consider a basic issue. The true problem, it appears to many, is not whether we can tolerate a rise of $1 billion in our record peacetime military spending. It is whether we must spend $10 billion or $20 billion more to meet the Soviet challenge to our national security.

The perfectly credible report that the Soviet Union has flown a nuclear-powered airplane illustrates the challenge. For, if the report is correct, it is a nuclear-powered *military* airplane that Moscow has produced. And it was a *military* missile that lifted the gigantic Sputniks into orbit around the earth. And it is in the production of *military* vehicles such as tanks and armored cars, and long-range missiles and manned bombers, rather than in other fields that the Soviet Union is outproducing us.

The Soviet Union's huge ground forces of 2.5 million men—more than three times the size of the United States Army—is the only fighting force in the world today that has completely re-equipped its units with post-Korean weapons, including missiles capable of firing nuclear warheads.

"I don't quite know how to tell you this—"

This does not mean that the Soviet Union's rulers want war. It means that the Soviet Union has developed and maintained a capability for war that we must take into account in planning our own military effort.

Pentagon officials quote the following figures:

► In World War II, a B-17 Flying Fortress cost $188,000, a B-29 Superfortress cost $625,000. Today a B-47 Strato-jet Bomber costs $1.9 million and the B-52 Stratofortress costs more than $7 million.

► In World War II, a submarine cost $6 million to $8 million, but the atomic-powered *Nautilus* cost $65 million. A World War II destroyer cost $9 million while its modern counterpart costs $27 million.

► The aircraft carrier *Lexington,* built in 1937, cost $45 million. The supercarrier *Forrestal,* commissioned last year, cost $204 million and the first atomic carrier, *Enterprise,* now under construction, will cost $321 million.

► Even the Army, whose equipment normally does not carry astronomical price tags, finds itself paying $134,000 for a tank today, compared with $81,324 for a World War II tank. To equip a Pentomic Infantry Division of 13,748 men costs $56.8 million, compared with $43.7 million for a World War II-sized infantry division of 17,000 men.

These figures illustrate the tremendous burden of in-

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flation and the higher cost of "sophisticated" weapons.

And just to press *that* point harder, it might be noted that intercontinental ballistic missiles, such as the Atlas fired successfully last month—more than a year after the Soviets claimed a similar feat—cost at least $1.5 million apiece. And ballistic missiles cannot be recovered and used again.

EVEN more fundamental to the size of the defense budget than either inflation or improved weaponry is the strategic policy of the country. In this respect, defense spending depends upon two considerations:

1. The aims and obligations of United States military abroad as an adjunct of foreign policy.

2. The roles and mission of the individual services in relation to the radical changes in weaponry.

The first of these considerations seems obvious enough. Certainly we could reduce the costs of national defense if we withdrew our overseas divisions, abandoned our world network of air bases and reduced military aid to foreign countries. We could concentrate on an intercontinental ballistic missile defense, based in this country, and hope that economic aid to foreign nations would enable those countries effectively to counteract Soviet and Chinese Communist penetration. We would accept some form of "neutrality" in critical geographical areas in return for some form of Soviet concession on inspection of nuclear weapons tests and defense against surprise attack.

One, or two, or all of these proposals have been made seriously by persons whose views must be respected, and they were made on the grounds of strategic policy. Thus the excuse for economy exists.

However, the *prevailing* policy is to maintain military units abroad, give substantial military as well as economic aid to foreign countries and to regard "neutral" regions as temptations for Soviet aggression.

The second consideration for the defense budget is the cost of supplying the individual services with the weapons they need. But many of the weapons our military people seek have not even been designed. Can we afford to spend money on every idea? We spent $690 million to develop the Navaho intercontinental guided missile before we gave it up as a bad job. Yet if we economize excessively on research and development, we may find the Soviet Union producing a weapons system that would render our forces obsolete.

Then there is the question of civilian defense. Some Administration officials a few years ago proposed a nationwide bomb-shelter construction system that would cost $40 billion. The price tag killed the proposal. Americans are so embarrassed anyway about their air raid drills that they balk at the thought of digging elaborate holes to hide in. Yet if we do not build such shelters and our deterrent weapons do not deter, millions of peoples may be killed by hydrogen tipped missiles who otherwise might have lived. At the same time, if too much emphasis is given to preparedness for nuclear war, we may fall short in the critical areas where only conventional military forces can be employed. And if we fail to keep ahead in mass destruction weapons, even large numbers of conventional forces may fail to counter aggression.

These were some of the problems of choice raised by the Committee for Economic Development last July. The committee also emphasized that the choices, once made, cannot be quickly changed. It takes a long time to develop a weapon—ten years for the Atlas ICBM, six years for the B-52 jet bomber—a long time to equip a division of fighting men. And a lot of money.

Obviously the assignments to our individual services and the equipment they are given to do their jobs are vital determinants of our military posture.

Ostensibly each of the services is responsible for conducting operations against its enemy counterpart. But it is clear that there is a great deal of overlapping. The Air Force will be sending men into space and hoisting observer satellites to spy on an enemy from stations whirling above the atmosphere. But the Air Force no longer will have a monopoly on strategic air missions, when the Navy can launch 1,500-mile missiles from its new Polaris submarines. And the Army says that since man faces the prospect of being sent into space and landing on the moon and planets, its mission to seize and control the "ground" will follow.

It is evident that good arguments can be made for providing each of the services with the weapons it wants or thinks it needs. But this introduces a third dimension of cost to the military budget problem. The first two dimensions are inflation and the greater "sophistication" or capability of modern weapons. The third dimension is related to weapons improvements in that the better weapons in turn prompt the military services to expand their military objectives, creating a new need for even better—and more expensive—weapons to achieve these objectives. Moreover, it is not so much US but Soviet scientific advancement that makes our weapons obsolete.

Against the view of the Administration that failure to cut military spending may prove tragic to the economy is the view that "we can afford what we *have* to afford." Those who say this, however, are seldom explicit. What does that statement mean? The US now spends about 11 percent of its Gross National Product for military purposes. The Soviet Union, it is estimated, spends something like 15 to 30 percent of its Gross National Product for military purposes, depending upon how one calculates available statistics. Does our national security require us to match the Soviet effort and spend, let us say, at least 15 or 20 percent of our Gross National Product for the military? If that is our decision, it might mean a rise in military expenditures not of $1 billion or $2 billion, but of $10 billion or $20 billion a year! Who in Congress advocates that?

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Gomulka's Mission to Moscow

IT HAS BECOME almost axiomatic in Polish political life to "re-interpret" Communist leader Gomulka's public utterances in light of Polish "reality." The occasion this time, which I witnessed, was Gomulka's return from his 18-day "journey of solidarity" to the Soviet Union. There was none of the spontaneous flag-waving, band-playing and flower-giving which greeted his return from Moscow in November, 1956, when he brought back new guarantees of Polish independence. Two years later all such public display was reserved for the enthusiastic crowds in the Soviet Union who wildly welcomed the repeated embraces and assurances of unity exchanged between Khrushchev and Gomulka.

Few Poles I met were shocked by Gomulka's severe words while he was in the USSR; they have been hearing them with increasing frequency during the past two years. He genuinely disagrees with Yugoslav "national Communism" because it represents a threat to the unity of the Soviet bloc, they say; he genuinely believes that Polish security rests upon the closest possible link with the Soviet Union; and, as a traditionally-minded Communist, he genuinely considers "revisionist" attempts to transform the dictatorship along liberal democratic lines to be the chief threat to its continued existence. All this is not simply a maneuver to please the Soviet hosts.

But the fact that their First Party Secretary emphatically repeated all these views in the Soviet Union with Khrushchev at his side was final proof to the suspicious party apparatus that he really means what he says. Furthermore, the high priest of international Communism himself accepts Gomulka's sincerity. This being so, the Polish party apparatus has no choice but to appoint delegates who will rubber stamp Gomulka's policies at the coming Communist Party Congress.

The Poles are obsessed with the threat of China. And so they are encouraged by the way the Chinese experiment in "building socialism" and the new communes was played down during Gomulka's Soviet visit. The Poles claim that Khrushchev is genuinely apprehensive—and justifiably so—about the rigid and dogmatic approach which the Chinese Communists have adopted to both their own and world affairs. Khrushchev, they reason, is hiding his own "revisionist" changes in Soviet life—for example, greater freedom in agriculture and decentralization of industry—behind orthodox pronouncements. Gomulka not only agrees, say many Poles, he is doing the same. Therefore, Khrushchev badly needs Gomulka's support, and this need is put forth to explain the tremendous publicity given the Gomulka visit in the Soviet Union.

Polish travelers just back from remote regions in Eastern Siberia report that they were amazed to find isolated villages well supplied with pictures and local newspapers full of descriptions of the Polish delegation. "Unity" and "progress" were spelled out in every conceivable way, but both were coupled with the names of the two men—Khrushchev and Gomulka. The Poles conclude, quite simply, that this trip was an exhibition of the first and third Communist powers uniting against the "Stalinist" challenge presented by the second—Communist China.

The one result of Gomulka's mission to Moscow genuinely calculated to please the Polish public was Khrushchev's explicit support for the Polish Western boundary along the Oder-Neisse Rivers. The Poles know full well that the Russians—who already have taken large chunks of what the Poles consider their territory in the East—are quite capable of coming to terms with Germany over the inert body of Poland. Furthermore, both Poles and Russians are quite aware that Polish ability to hold on to the former German territories east of the Oder-Neisse line depends upon the Soviet guarantee. The flood of rumors running through Warsaw preliminary to Gomulka's departure —rumors about Soviet plans to revise the Western frontiers as bait for neutralizing and even communizing a re-united Germany—is evidence enough of the underlying distrust.

Therefore, despite all the praise lavished on common ideological outlook, both the Soviet and Polish leaders made it clear throughout the visit that the real cement of the alliance is a common fear of Germany. Obviously, these declarations were well-tailored to assist the budding Soviet campaign to focus world attention once again on the German question and to give maximum support to the tottering East German satellite regime.

While one finds that the average Pole is not so terrified of West German "militarism" as the growing tirade of official abuse would have us believe, it is true that Gomulka and Khrushchev can always ring a bell in the consciousness of both their nations by stressing the dangers of a rearmed Germany with territorial claims in the East. As far as the Poles are concerned, East Germany is an acceptable ally only because it has renounced these ex-German lands, and because its military forces are firmly leashed by the Russians.

GEORGE SHERMAN

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De Gaulle—The Burden of Victory

by CURTIS CATE

Paris

"AMONG the Ancients, as among the Moderns," François Mauriac wrote not along ago, "there has never been a democracy which, in the dramatic hours, has not had recourse to one man."

> There is hardly one of these men, I admit, who did not exhibit traits made to arouse doubts in a democrat, and recent history is certainly not reassuring in this respect. Hitler, Franco, Mussolini, and Stalin have made us lose the sense of the hero. Yet in times like ours, history always has recourse to the hero, to the risk and peril of the community that rears him.

In de Gaulle, France, like the United States, now has its great father-figure.

To understand the elections, we must take into account that the traditional spectrum of French politics is no longer sharply defined. Old distinctions between Right and Left have lost most of their meaning. The working proletariat is no longer starving and downtrodden, and French industrialists can no longer be considered, *en bloc*, as black-hearted oppressors. Though many of them inveigh against the abuses of social insurance (which are indisputable), few of them are really prepared to challenge its principle. The evolving science of post-Keynesian economics, furthermore, has made it growingly clear, to workers and managers alike, that economic recessions and unemployment—such as are now affecting French industry—are not so much due to the wickedness of capitalists as to the general economic condition of the Western world. Similarly, the age-old controversy over clerical as opposed to secular schools has lost most of its heat, and even the Socialists have begun to realize it.

To this must be added the fact that the French "Left" virtually committed suicide in the last three years. After trying to justify the rape of Budapest, and pursuing a policy of systematic obstruction, the French Communists lost a million and a half votes in the elections. The Socialists fared no better, for under the leadership of Guy Mollet and Robert Lacoste, they not only supported, but actively promoted, a right-wing policy in Algeria. The more than 25 percent of French voters who abstained from voting last month probably included quite a few Socialists who had grown so confused and disillusioned that they no longer knew what man or issue to vote for.

Finally, the two issues which are still relatively meaningful and clear-cut—Algerian and European union—have grown so complex that the man in the street no longer pretends to understand them. However much of a "European" he may feel, he is at a loss to comprehend the subtle advantages of the Common Market over the Free Trade Area, or vice versa. Nor is he any surer as to whether the Algerian FLN (National Liberation Front) is made up of cutthroats and bandits, as French Rightists have always contended, or of brave patriots fighting for their people's freedom, as the left-wing press has traditionally portrayed them. The FLN's refusal to grasp the olive branch extended to them by de Gaulle in his October 23 press conference has only thickened the confusions on this score. Thus bereft of certitudes, the average Frenchman has desperately sought a fixed star to steer by, and he has found it, not unnaturally, in the tall, impressive figure of de Gaulle.

The extraordinary triumph of the UNR (Union for the New Republic), which is the salient feature of these elections, should not make us forget that in the first run-off, when all parties had candidates in the field, it won less than 18 percent of the total vote; which is to say, well under half of what the Gaullist RPF (Rally of the French People) won in the municipal elections of 1947, at a time when the Communists were threatening the country with a general strike and a campaign of sabotage. The 188 UNR deputies in the new Assembly owe their election to a shrewdly chosen electoral system which placed a maximum stress on individual personality, at the expense of political principle. Since the Communists are, with some justification, the most feared and hated party in France, it was almost inevitable that in a run-off those voters who failed to get the candidate of their choice elected on the first ballot, would use the second to vote *against* the Communist. The result is a political panorama in which each Communist deputy represents 388,000 voters, each Socialist 79,000, and each UNR deputy a mere 21,000.

It is too early to say just what the political orientation or parliamentary style of the 259 UNR deputies will be. (I include in this figure the 71 deputies from Algeria.) But Georges Bidault was certainly right in defining its membership as nebulous. It includes everything from an unimpeachable figure like General Roger Noiret, a former head of the Free French Mission in London and subsequent commander of the French Occupation Forces in Germany, to the more dubious figure of General Pierre

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de Bénouville, a Resistance General whose many backstage activities have ranged from efforts to restore dethroned Balkan monarchs to accompanying Jacques Soustelle to Algiers, via Geneva, last May; everything from Jean Bernasconi, the garagist and ex-automobile racer who defeated Jeannette Vermeersch (Maurice Thorez's wife), to Jean-Marie Le Pen, the 30 year old ex-parachutist lieutenant, who led the abortive march on the French Assembly on the fateful evening of May 13.

A great many, if not the actual majority, of the new UNR members have used the Gaullist label to win office, so that the percentage of opportunists among them is likely to be high. Once again, we may be witnessing a curious repetition of history: a newer and younger edition of the political camp-followers who hastened to climb on the Gaullist band-wagon in the days of Liberation. The only thing that unites them is their vehement nationalism, and not a few of them have burst into the political arena with the rowdiness of cheer-leaders and in the outspoken conviction that lung-power is superior to logic.

The fact that the elections were designed to favor personality at the expense of political issues or principles, had the inevitable result of cheapening the level of debate. A good example of the consequences can be found in the department of the Eure, where Pierre Mendès-France fought a losing battle for re-election. His defeat in the first round may be regarded as virtually self-inflicted since he had rashly used his hypercritical talents to make two strongly anti-de Gaulle speeches in the critical May days after the General offered to arbitrate the conflict between Paris and Algiers, and then went on to vote against the new Constitution which, with all its faults, is nevertheless an improvement on the old. But the campaign which his leading opponent, Rémi Montagne, waged against him was not limited to an examination of this record, and his speeches were studded with associations of Mendès-France's name with Dien Bien Phu and with insinuations that, as a Jew, he was indifferent to the fate of the Roman Catholics in Northern Vietnam whom he coldly turned over to the Communists. These anti-Semitic innuendoes were abetted by a sign and poster campaign, for which Montagne disclaimed responsibility, which plastered the walls of his constituency with slogans like "Mendès the traitor" and "Mendès, the tool of the Goldberg-Levi trust."

THE great question which these elections pose is, of course, how they will affect the evolution of the Algerian problem. In all probability the new Assembly, which is the most nationalistic since the famous "horizon blue" Chamber of 1919 (the French equivalent of Britain's "khaki elections"), will try to bloc off any further attempts at concessions with respect to the FLN leaders in Tunis. It was evidently de Gaulle's hope that he could get acceptable FLN representatives to run for office in Algeria, but this hope was nipped in the bud by the French army on the spot which declared, in General Massu's simple words: "We are not going to vote in the towns for people we are fighting in the hills." Since the 71 Algerian deputies are—almost to a man—solemnly pledged to the policy of "integration" (and not independence), it is difficult to see what there will be left for de Gaulle to negotiate. The "dialogue" between France and the Algerian nationalists will, in effect, have been closed before it could begin.

The General is equally unlikely to find Algerian Moslems who are more representative of FLN tendencies to run in the Senatorial campaign next spring, for the army will have little reason in the interim to alter the attitude so clearly defined by General Massu. This attitude is not unnatural—we have only to imagine how American generals would react under similar circumstances. What was absurd was to think that anything remotely resembling free and fair elections could possibly be held in Algeria before a more peaceful order and established civilian authority had been restored.

It begins to look, indeed, as though de Gaulle's readiness to let the Algerian elections take their preordained course is the gravest mistake he has made since taking office last June. If he had postponed them, he could have retained a personal control and initiative—in the form of suspense—over the political situation in Algeria. He could even have used the necessity of reestablishing civilian authority there as a weapon for bringing the army and the colonial *"ultras"* back into line. Instead, he has now virtually turned over the reins to them—to such an extent that the new civilian Delegate General for Algeria, Paul Delouvrier, has been implicitly stripped of any authority over the army, which remains effectively omnipotent. Once the 71 Algerian deputies take their seats in the new Assembly in Paris, there will be only one way that de Gaulle will be able to go on directing Algerian policy, and that is by ignoring them and the Assembly and ruling by decree.

The Algerian elections have not only tied the General's hands. They have compromised the French army, which managed to emerge from the earlier referendum test with relatively high marks for impartiality. But in the more recent electoral test, the French army almost had to use its bayonets to herd a thoroughly confused and ignorant Moslem electorate to the polls. The officers of the Algerian High Command, and above all, General de Gaulle, would have avoided committing the French army to this inescapably equivocal task if they had been more mindful of the lesson of history, and particularly of American history. For the Algerian elections are a sorry reminder that when the franchise is suddenly and indiscriminately extended to illiterate and disoriented masses, the result can only be—as in the carpet-bagger elections held in our Southern states after the Civil War—a travesty of the genuine, wholesome democratic process.

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Details from the Nativity Scene

Creche star and lit tree,
bells in the snow
every year
model the nativity
and show the holy family
and all its angels near
before they go.

BEGIN with arrangement. Protagonists
who are, but did not act, serene in the centre
stage, and either side half-choruses. To the left
the shepherd thralls, a congregation of gray lumps
embarrassed in nailed boots and coarse hoods, shuffle
their feet and worship dumbly. On the right, lordly
philosophers dedicate with grace their whatevers
of perfumery and jewels. The middle triad are man
mother baby: representing the virtues, as honesty
devotion, and yet again some humanity still not fixed
in the stream of perception: a future: an icy bud
sealing beyond the world's imagination the tangible
dream to come. Behind, hardly seen, tame animals
breathe and gaze.

Outside in the street, snow falling.
A few loungers. Also, significant of the world of power
(which holds but is excluded from a history
it feels is happening) the mercenaries loiter
on their spears: hostile.

Why was it first shepherds? They, on the stony
slope at night: lonely but grouped: not owning
in full the animals they watched: not cunning
beyond the strategy of the wolf and the sheepstealer:
bored and tired: who possessed never any youth
you could call youth—
see, this is what the choruses of satyrs
attendant on the year-spirit's birth are become
in our time. With imagination but without words,
how could they see deliverance from the wind
and the watching, the ephemeral coziness
of the leather bottle, except as they did see it?
Fireworks, that is, and gaudy gentlemen
in wings and wheels of light and glares of clothing
who blew trumpets at them, and spoke, loud but kind,
and invited them in to the circle of the privileged.

And on the day when these shall strip their essence
of sturdy gray for sheer weft and fluid
shall it be into what they imagined as lords of the world?
To this there is not yet any answer we know.
Only, that there was never again so bleak
an air on the stony slope, after such apparitions.

Next had come the wise kings: young men, strong
and thoughtful: possessors already: and the imagination
of their dreams came in simple figures of holding.
Therefore they gave, so that the gleam in the gift might be
given them to keep: in giving, asking then.

One said:
I know that every sack has a small hole.
Where I climb no goat can go, where I swim no fish
follow; what squeezes on the heel of the hand
is sweet for resistance to the shoulder behind,
and the force blown headlong into exhaustion is a glory,
I am so strong and wonderful, but I can count,
and when I have to begin to be careful, what shall I do
then?

The next said: The world is a magnificence in my eye.
But what shall I do, lord, to store my possessions?
How can I keep the fern under the pine, and the gulls'
wings silvering light on blue water, how seize
and hold the long green hills? My eye would devour them
and grasping, worship, for what is religion but every
man trying to fasten the fluid of his lovely youth that
escapes and paint his glory forever on one sweet day?
Death I hate, not so much bones in coffin as when
the wave shall break or the leaf spin down
red, and I am there, and do not notice.
Captures escaping wash always the young sense fresher,
but when the dear wish to capture is gone, then
lord, what shall I do?

The third said: He has become
I, for in the spoiling of muscle and sense-shock
the mind is left, and plump or husked, here the abstract
tissue of inward is more beautiful than body
or bone even: the structure of God in the proposition.
Materials are necessary, organs and coil of bowels,
scaby brain or blood's broth. Some odd slimes
make these flowers of thought. Dry them,
petals crumble. Yet, death I fear not. It can be reasoned.
What do I need with teeth, hands, parts, or courage?
But, lord, when the visible cord of connection
slips in the vise, will not hold, I tell you, when I

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can no longer follow proof to proof,
then, lord, oh lord, what shall become of me?

I do not think any answer was given at the time.
It was more likely in some off hour of the next
night, jogging the way home,
tired, in ordinary weather, a dry star or two
up there, but no more rockets or glory, camels
grunting and clanking, conversation at a fag end
and gone, each man alone. One saw
the sinew on the rack, the wonderful force
dying on the tree speared helpless petering out
in the icon of the imagination behind his eye.
He remembered how certain barbarous people would not
let a pubic boy be one of the men until
he had killed a bear. The village caught a cub and fed it
huge: chained him: the growing boys one by one
blooded their spears: they cut off his head and nailed it
over the village hall and prayed to it: Great bear,
give us your hairy strength, o bear, let us be warriors.
But what if the bear's head answered: You have used me.
Your innocence is gone, you have not cared
for what it is to be a bear. What is strength?
I am a dry head, you are sick.

One saw
a man holding an open sack and dollars dropped
and jangled: the blessing and the beauty
of the company of love sold and paid for.
He dreamed of signing a check for the winsome
collocation of the properties of the world
he had made his in a garden for his own bride.
He saw caterpillars eating the leaves of his tree,
flies dying on his pond who clotted the shining, and the girl
mumbled between decayed teeth stories of outright
possession and whoredom, and he stood in the shoddy ferns
holding his money.

One heard, in another garden,
the cry of the mind's pain, doubt of faith, crippled
understanding, the awful *why?*
And saw a blackboard written over
with judgments, and the only one that made any sense
said a equals a.

After such dreaming, they spoke
together. saying: Surely, we are nowhere near our answers,
but it is plain we shall not reach them single
nor by the three of us only. Saying also:
What stuffs we gave were too much less than our askings.
And: Our strong acts fail until we forget the actor.
We are broken coins of each other, whose ragged edges
without our match simply eat air. Do you
remember, the other side of those three, some stuffing
of lumpish shapes? Is there some glimpse there
of God we have not seen? But what were those three
we were called, star-steered, magnetized
to their worship? Was it a real baby? We
have been told of the year-spirit, the child
of the breath of thunder in the body of the girl
who is a blossom split from the dreaming clod.
Yet we hope these are not gods. Of gods we have heard,
wise and strong, but being perfect they must overpower
us, or we defy them. Surely it begins
not with God, that is too far beyond us,
but in our fathers or our children, in our people
to whom we belong and are a part of them
as they of us and belong. There it may come.
So, riding in the ruins of their pride,
puzzled and hope-starred still, the shining kings
have left the stage.

Both choruses have gone.
Now the protagonists rose and left their places
in flight before the final element
of this morality: the titans or the satyrs,
the supernumeraries of the world of power
facing loss. They came in pikes and jacks.
They had the village hooped. Streets crossed and fouled
on armors and despair, and swords were out
and poking. There were screams. Aloof, secure
the woman in her blue hood rode her beast
and held the sleeping baby whose calm weight
dreamed on the saddle as the bearded man
plodded beside. Back in the snow
steel reeked. The foundering henchmen gibbered on their loss.
Where is the king? Where is the tyrant child?
Where is the bud from thunder and the nymph
born with his crown askew in the green vines?
Oh, where are our lost afternoons displayed
in careless love, our elderly pursuits
in the hot grass? Where is the infant king?
Their fury strangled in the bloody dark.
The sound died, and the echoes were lost in the snow.

So all are gone. But every year
the child comes. The simple see
the lit tree
the angels and the gifts and glory.
Every year
the winter story
plays. The spirit hovers near
in wise brains that know
their own unwisdom, how gifts change and go.
But every year
the child is here
in the ceremonial tree,
bells in the snow,
until the day even we
in the night shall know
and see
who we are and where we go.

RICHMOND LATTIMORE

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BOOKS & COMMENT

Triangle, Pentagon, Square

by Malcolm Cowley

HAVING read a great many of the first novels published in 1958, I should feel guilty if I didn't call attention to what may be the best of them —not the longest or the boldest in theme or the richest in subject matter, but the only one that seems to be nearly perfect of its kind. The book is *Water Music,* by Bianca VanOrden. Like many other novels by young Americans—recent examples are *The Ginger Man,* by J. P. Donleavy, and *Flash and Filigree,* by Terry Southern—it was first published in England, where it made a stir among reviewers. Here it has raised no more commotion than a stone dropped into a dry well. Isn't there something wrong with our critical machinery, considering how much of it is devoted to analyzing and reanalyzing the same canonical authors, or to arguing with other critics of those authors, and how little to the discovery of new authors worth being analyzed?

Water Music, by Bianca VanOrden (Harcourt, Brace; $3.95).

Miss VanOrden may prove to be one of them, but I won't subject her to critical exegesis. Her first novel, which is her second book—the other consisted of two long stories—starts by presenting a group of bright young persons in New Haven, and then transports them from the right bank of the Quinnipiac to the left bank of the Arno. In Florence they devote themselves to art and sex, thus giving the book a double subject somewhat different from that of the other first novelists, most of whom write about sex and sex. But the story begins with a situation that the others have made all too familiar: let us call it the triangle in its first inversion—not two men contending for a woman, but a man and a woman contending for sexual possession of another man.

Bayard Stephens and his hulking sister Cally, children of a Yale professor, are both in love with a gifted young poet named Tosh Vorse. Bayard, a hard-drinking composer, had seduced him three years before the story opens. Cally, who teaches art in a fashionable girls' school, seduces him in three pages of the first chapter, and they are one of the two funniest seduction scenes in recent American fiction (the other is in *Flash and Filigree*). Our sense of propriety has been so weakened that seduction scenes have lost their power to shock the reader or engage the novelist's full conviction; perhaps they have to be funny now in order to be effective.

Tosh Vorse is easily seducible and not above taking gifts from his lovers—"I'll accept money any time, anywhere," he says—but he never stays seduced; his one lasting passion is for writing poems. In Florence he begins to doubt that he has any poetic talent; then his doubts vanish when one of Cally's pupils, Laura Beasley, comes floating toward him like the angel of the Annunciation and offers him a little gold laurel leaf. Tosh sets to work on the libretto for an opera, with Bayard composing the music. Meanwhile Cally is being courted by an alarming pedant named Harold Woodcock, who plans to become head of the English department at Yale; the triangle has become a pentagon.

Soon it will be resolved into a square. Bayard abandons hope of repossessing Tosh, who falls in love with sixteen-year-old Laura, while Cally finds a reassuring solidity in Harold—all this at a grand picnic on the Arno given by a New Haven couple who, the author says, "were like the splendid, gracious, and indissolubly united Duke and Duchess of an Elizabethan masque arriving to preside over midsummer revels." The remark gives us a clue to Miss VanOrden's conception of this novel: it is like a masque, or like one of Shakespeare's early comedies, with an artificial plot based partly on confusion of the sexes; boys play the part of high-born ladies disguised as men; there are hints of tragic passion mixed with farce; but everything ends brightly and normally when the Duke appears.

I found some other literary allusions, and there must be many more that I missed. Laura Beasley is Petrarch's Laura, and the scene in which she gives Tosh a laurel leaf is a recreation of Petrarch's first meeting with his muse. A long sequence toward the end of the novel is based amusingly on "The Miller's Tale," with Tosh as the student lover, Cally as the wife, and Harold as the parish clerk who seeks a flaming revenge. There are musical allusions too; in fact, the structure of the novel is that of Handel's *Water Music,* which is a composition in twelve movements. Miss VanOrden divides her book into twelve chapters, beginning like Handel with an *Overture: Grave* and ending with a chorus of jubilant voices.

USUALLY I have less than a proper admiration for the allusive method, which becomes, at its worst, a trivial display of learning. At its best, as in most of Thornton Wilder and in *Water Music,* it demonstrates that the author is in absolute command of his materials; that he can rearrange them into traditional patterns without depriving them of their intrinsic meaning. It also has the advantage of giving the characters a sort of historical dimension, but that seems to me less important. If Harold Woodcock is a memorable figure, it is less because he suggests Chaucer's parish clerk than because he is the perfect type of button-down scholar and faculty-meeting bore.

As for Tosh and Laura, they are the author's real achievements. Tosh is the only poet in recent fiction who is convincing *as a poet,* not merely as a man who has the reputation among his friends of writing poetry. He works at his trade, studies it patiently, talks about it with intelligence, falls into fits of despair, hears a voice reciting lines of which he can't puzzle out the meaning, but the meter of which will go into his next work; and then he sees the faults of that work before it is finished. The only unpersuasive feature of Tosh is his background. He was a popular boy at Yale, the son of an investment banker, and it is hard to see how that sort of

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privileged life would prepare him to sacrifice everything for poetry.

Laura Beasley was the little girl next door, and here again it is disconcerting to find that such a possessed spirit has come from a rich family with nothing to prove or conceal. Laura despises her family. Instead of looking forward to a brief career in New York and a prosperous marriage, she is determined to be not just a writer—as she confesses to Tosh—but a *great* writer. "Where did you catch it?" he asks her, and the reader echoes his question.

Once her determination is granted, everything else follows logically: therefore she makes a note of everything heard or seen; therefore she bites her nails; therefore she tries to control her chaotic emotions by living on a diet of hard-boiled eggs, pickles and carrots. Rising early each morning, she does ballet exercises for an hour, so that "she always had that sore place on her tailbone where she kept wearing the skin off because she wasn't fat enough. That must look awful," she thinks, "and would be a real problem when she had a lover." Tosh will be the lover, because he is the only man she has ever met with a determination equal to her own. There are very few love stories in recent and serious American fiction. It is another of Miss VanOrden's achievements to make us believe in the love of Tosh and Laura, which will not be a romance but an unremitting battle, one that may last for both their lives.

An Orthodox Christian Anthropology

by Reinhold Niebuhr

E. L. MASCALL, a distinguished Oxford theologian, is most persuasive on two points in his elaboration of an orthodox Christian anthropology. The one concerns the uniqueness of man. The Biblical idea that man was made in "the Image of God" is rightly interpreted as defining his capacities of rational and spiritual freedom over natural necessity. Mascall of course accepts the Darwinian idea that man emerged at some point in the evolutionary process; but he thinks (rightly in my opinion) that nothing in the process is an adequate explanation of the radical character of this emergence. It is not obscured either by the similarity between the higher primates and man, or by the primitiveness of early barbarism. Mascall thinks that the emergence of a rational creature proves the idea of divine providence and design. It would probably be more circumspect to conclude that it indicates the mystery of creation. There are always previous causes in the process but none of them ever sufficiently accounts for the next step, particularly a radical step such as the emergence of man.

The Importance of Being Human; Some Aspects of the Christian Doctrine of Man, by E. L. Mascall (Columbia University Press; $3).

Mascall is also persuasive in expounding the unity of man in "body and soul"—his rational freedom and creaturely finiteness. The idea of this unity has been obscured in many forms of both religious and secular thought. Mascall declares that . . .

> Nowhere, perhaps is the contrast between Christianity and other religions more clearly seen than in its insistence that man's body is an integral part of him. . . . This conviction is partly derived from Jewish origins. . . . Thus authentic Christianity has a doctrine of man, which is not, on the one hand the Platonic view, which was revived at the Renaissance by Descartes. . . . But neither is it the view, on the other hand, which simply identifies man with his body and sees the soul as a mere epiphenomenon of a highly developed physical organism.

He quotes the great Catholic scholar Etienne Gilson, who called attention to the significance of the doctrine of resurrection in the early church, as contrasted with the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, derived from Platonism.

But Mascall is least persuasive in expounding the Christian views of sin and Grace. He has no question about the doctrine of "original sin" which a recent editorial in *The London Times Literary Supplement* found to be "the only Christian doctrine, which has been empirically verified." He does his best to make that doctrine irrelevant to modern men. While he does not take the story of Adam's fall literally, he does place tremendous emphasis on the "first sin." He writes:

> It seems to me that the first sin is absolutely pivotal, simply because it was the first. For, unless there had been a previous fall in some part of the universe, unknown to us, it constitutes the first occasion, on which the material part of the universe contravened God's will for it and violated the laws of its own being by actions originating within itself. . . . Like a microscopic crack in a china vase, it initiated a process of degeneration and corruption, whose consequences spread beyond the area of their origin and affected the whole history of the human race in the material realm.

This explanation is completely baffling, at least to me. It is the more confusing coming from a man who takes the facts of evolution seriously. It certainly obscures, as if by design, the real insights of the Biblical symbols of historical evil, the merit of which is that they place the source of evil, not in the inertia of nature or in physical impulses but in a corruption in man's creative freedom, and therefore in the realm of "spirit."

The author's interpretations of "grace" are also unconvincing chiefly because of their perfectionism. He prefers the Eastern Orthodox doctrines to both Latin and Protestant versions of grace because they are more unambiguous in insisting that the "new man in Christ" is in effect sinless.

He writes: "The Christian tradition both East and West alike has found only one word to denote it [the effect of grace], the word 'deification'." The doctrine of grace is made the more implausible not only for critics of Christianity but for Christians not of his fold, by his emphasis on the efficacy of "sacramental grace" and upon the idealized picture of the church as a dispenser of grace. No serious effort is made to come to terms with the obvious fact that Christians betray the continued ambiguity of the actions and motives of the "new men" and that the church is involved in all of the historical evils from which she wishes, in principle, to redeem the world. A little more modesty would become us as Christians and it might make Christian apologists more persuasive.

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Art Books: Season's End

by Frank Getlein

"OF THE writing of books there is no end," wrote the prophet, making thereby his own contribution. Had his gift been specific he would have added, "Especially books about Vincent van Gogh." Here's another: *Van Gogh* ($5.75) by Frank Elgar, the French critic. The book is the third of Praeger's monographs on modern painters and the violently experimental format of the first (*Picasso*) has now simmered down to a much more usable arrangement of text and illustrations. These are 65 color plates and over 300 black-and-whites, over 200 of which are in an illustrated list of principal works at the back of the book. In the text itself color is printed on the same paper as the text—no tip-ins—and line engravings are used for drawings, an immense advantage for sharpness and the immediacy which is particularly important in van Gogh. Elgar does a thorough, workmanlike job and maintains an exquisite balance between the sometimes conflicting demands of biography and explication. In general his aim is to dispel the myth of van Gogh as artist-martyr and to create an understanding appreciation of his achievement.

Another attack on modern mythology in art cannot fail to arouse the sympathy even of those who refresh themselves at the healing and meretricious springs. *Modigliani, Man and Myth* (Orion, $7.50) is the work of Jeanne Modigliani, daughter of the artist and his last love, Jeanne Hébuterne, the subject of numerous graceful portraits. Mlle. Modigliani, now 39, is an art scholar who brings to her task the resources and habits of her profession and a carefully controlled irritation at the image of her father presented to her from earliest childhood. "Your poor father!" was a single word in the child's ears.

Her book is a calm, scholarly assembling and weighing of evidence. When, as with her recording the simple disappearance of a boy who is, or was, her half-brother, you respond to the identity of the narrator, it's your fault, not the author's. She is the first to admit that large and crucial areas in Modigliani's life are beyond documentation. Indeed, that's her point. By comparing the legends with related established facts either of paintings or of existing documents, she casts serious doubt on many of the details that have been added up to produce the classic example in our time of the artist as victim. There are 16 color plates and 137 other illustrations including many letters and records, and some paintings never before reproduced.

If you suffer from a mild confusion about Japanese art, two new books will help dispel it. *Masterpieces of the Japanese Color Woodcut,* by Willy Boller (Crown, $25) is an enlarged new edition of the handsome book published and sold out in 1950. The 400 or so reproductions are all from Boller's collection and cover the history of the form from its beginning in the early 17th Century right up to modern times. Boller gives a brief biography and appreciation of each of the 42 artists as well as occasional remarks on technique, purposes and general significance of particular shapes and symbols. The whole nature of the woodcut is illumined when you learn that the chief origins of individual works lie in publicity sheets for theatres and sporting houses.

2000 Years of Japanese Art (Abrams, $25) provides, of course, a much larger view of Japanese art and establishes the religious perspective familiar to us in Western art. The author, Yukio Yashiro, is a Japanese scholar who studied under Berenson. The effort is not to translate Oriental art into European terms, but to find and apply universal standards, to scrap the anthropological approach but still to provide such background as will aid the eyes. The national quality is unmistakeable to Westerners, but the two millenia have produced a great variety which is still largely unknown to us. The 42 examples reproduced in color and the 135 in black and white are all from Japanese museums or collectors and hence much finer than work we're familiar with in our own collections. The slightly chilled or distant feeling evoked in most of us by most Japanese art disappears with Yashiro's guidance.

Abrams' series of visits to great museums has reached *The Tate Gallery* ($20) and the gallery guide is the director, Sir John Rothenstein. 68 color plates and 39 black and whites provide a generous sample of the two branches of art, "The British School" and "The Foreign School," the latter being mostly 19th- and 20th-Century French. Sir John's history of the institution is a straightforward recital of lofty intentions, struggles over bequests and the gradual achievement of professional autonomy. His individual comments on artists and works are admirably patriotic in dealing with British works that most American directors would hide in the basement. But the spread still offers an unusually comprehensive view of the revitalized British art of our own century.

WILL GROHMANN'S *Wassily Kandinsky, Life & Work* (Abrams, $17.50) is a monumental and microscopic examination. The 920 illustrations—41 in color—trace the complete details of the evolving ways Kandinsky found to express his sheer joy in life and art. The text draws on the artist's own copious writings in art theory, but the theory is really unimportant compared to the rich, controlled color and form in the paintings. In some ways both Bauer and Rebay were better Kandinskyites than was Kandinsky, yet his work grows yearly in reputation, theirs declines. The text clearly sets out the thought behind the artist's growth, but when text and plates are taken together, the suspicion is unavoidable that the theory—like all the best theories—came after the fact, regardless of chronology.

The presumed heirs of Kandinsky are the Abstract Expressionists, as they are to anyone who didn't leave a will. Abrams' *Art Since 1945* ($15) rounds up the movement in Europe and America with nine European and American current historians. The theme of several writers is, "It's the same the whole world over." It isn't, of course, and the 60 color plates and 120 black and whites make this clear. In general, the European work is more highly organized, much less casual in result, than the American. The book does a good job, but the prefixing of *Some* to the title would keep things straight.

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Books in Brief

BORN in Clifton, Kansas in 1896, died in El Paso, Texas in 1956: Robert Menzies McAlmon. The tombstone facts of his existence barely serve as his introduction to posterity. There have been few literary figures of this century whose contribution to literature has been so unexplored and whose reputation has been known to so few as has Robert McAlmon's. There is no mention of him in the standard reference works, and only those who happen to have a special interest in the early literary decades of the Twentieth Century may come across him, and yet there have been few people, not excepting Gertrude Stein and Ezra Pound, whose efforts so helped to cast significant literary reputations. If ever there were a valid example to fit that accommodating Stein slogan of "Lost Generation" it was Robert McAlmon. His consistently unhappy personal life was overshadowed additionally by an unfortunate marriage and his literary life was plagued by a seemingly incomprehensible obscurity. He died at 60 of tuberculosis, an embittered man who had since 1946 worked in a surgical supply house run by his brothers.

Robert McAlmon: Expatriate Publisher and Writer, by Robert E. Knoll (University of Nebraska Studies, New Number 18, August 1957.)

Between Clifton and El Paso, Robert McAlmon served the cause of literature by extending himself in one form or another—as the publisher of Hemingway's first book, as drinking companion and patron, friend and literary adviser to James Joyce, as editor and publisher, as co-editor with William Carlos Williams of the little magazine *Contact*, and as an anthologist and creative writer whose world included short stories, poems, and novels. By 1925, in the predawn of our literary renaissance, McAlmon had already — and *first*, in some instances— published Ford Madox Ford, Mina Loy, Ezra Pound, Norman Douglas, Djuna Barnes, Havelock Ellis, Edith Sitwell, William Carlos Williams, H. D., James Joyce, Gertrude Stein, Wallace Gould, Marianne Moore, Marsden Hartley, Wallace Stevens, Kenneth Burke, Glenway Westcott, and Kay Boyle.

Although many of the authors McAlmon got started found publishers (to say the least) in the United States, McAlmon never achieved an American audience. Except for a book of poems, *Not Alone Lost*, none of his other books has ever been printed in the United States. His autobiography, *Being Geniuses Together,* is a colossus among literary memoirs; published in London in 1938 by Secker and Warburg, it was never published in America and has not been reprinted. Mr. Knoll has resurrected Robert McAlmon and in an excellent small book has done him some long overdue justice.

DAN PINCK

•

THIS book reprints and comments on the 35 newspaper cartoons awarded the Pulitzer Prize since 1922. Mr. Johnson makes of it a characteristically tart story of the 37 years (in two of which no award was made.) What is striking is how poor some of the cartoons are. They are not the best cartoons of Rollin Kirby,

The Lines Are Drawn, by Gerald W. Johnson (Lippincott; $4.95).

nor of Edmund Duffy, each of whom won three times—the savage picture of Prohibition by Kirby and the eviscerating attacks on the Ku Klux Klan by Duffy did not get prizes. Prizes, as Johnson quietly explains, are given by advisory committees of middle-class judges who don't like to offend too many people. For example the prize in 1931 was a 1930 Duffy cartoon satirizing the Communist attack on the Christian religion—a good safe subject for church goers. The judges had had about 18 months to consider the stock market crash of 1929 and subsequent developments: but a realistic cartoon on that touchy subject would have been a mite difficult. Gerald Johnson is fair, of course; he agrees that the prizes went to fine cartoonists and that some of the cartoons were fine, too, though not always their author's best.

One had always suspected this tendency and the complete prize collection illustrates it. The running Johnson narrative fills out the story of US public opinion, however. It also tells something about the individual winners.

T.R.B.

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RECORDS

Important Events

EACH new recording of the young Canadian pianist Glenn Gould is an event; and the latest gives us, on Columbia ML-5298, his characteristically incisive playing in Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 1, which enlivens even the slow movement that Gould rightly characterizes as lethargic, and makes the Allegros delightful. Golschmann provides a good orchestral framework with a Columbia recording orchestra. The record also offers Bach's mechanical and dull Concerto No. 5.

Another major event is Cantelli's performance of Beethoven's Seventh with the London Philharmonia, on Angel 35620, which, like all his performances, is something completely, beautifully and satisfyingly achieved from first note to last, "as fresh and glistening as creation itself."

What was a major event in London a year ago, Klemperer's performance of Beethoven's Ninth, has been issued here on Angel 3577. The recent excitement in London over Klemperer, extending even to talk about Klemperer and Toscanini, has been incomprehensible to anyone who—bearing in mind the animation, the cohesive tension, the intensity of Toscanini's performances of Beethoven's *Eroica*, Fifth and Seventh Symphonies—has heard the Angel recordings of Klemperer's performances of these works, with their slowness and lack of tension and intensity. And now it is the performance of the Ninth that exhibits this striking contrast with Toscanini's. The Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus are excellent; the soloists—Aase Nordmo Loevberg, Christa Ludwig, Waldemar Kmentt and Hans Hotter—are unimpressive. The fourth side has a good performance of the powerful Overture, the less impressive songs *Die Trommel geruehret* and *Freudvoll and leidvoll*, and the poignant "Claerchen's Death" from Beethoven's incidental music for Goethe's *Egmont*, with Birgit Nilsson as soloist.

Columbia K2L-258 offers not only the engaging Organ Concertos Op.4 of Handel which are unfamiliar to most of the public, and good performances by E. Power Biggs with the London Philharmonic under Boult, but agreeable organ sound (of an instrument designed and played by Handel himself) that is compact, cleanly defined, and not blurred by reverberation (but I must add that to my ear the high register heard in the last movement of No. 1 is not in tune with the orchestra). Such sound is rare in organ recordings: every now and then, on Capitol-EMI G-7111, a voice with an important part that should stand out clearly is obscured in the contrapuntal flow of Bach's great Toccatas and Fugues in C (BWV. 564) and D minor (BWV. 565), the great Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, and the Toccata and Fugue in F, which Fernando Germani performs well on the organ of St. Laurens Church in Alkmaar, Holland.

The Virtuosi di Roma's excitingly beautiful playing is heard, on Angel 45030, in one of the best-known and finest concertos of Vivaldi's *L'Estro armonico*, No. 11 in D minor, together with the less familiar and less interesting No. 5 in A, the unfamiliar Concertos P. 320 and 321 for horns and strings—the second engaging, the first uninteresting—and the unfamiliar and small-scale Concerto P. 280 for strings. And I Musici, on Epic LC-3486, offers similar playing in a group of unfamiliar Vivaldi violin concertos, of which Op. 35 No. 5 (*L'Amoroso*), Op. 51 No. 2 (*Il Riposo*) and Op. 11 No. 2 (*Il Favorito*) are more interesting than Op. 51 Nos. 1 (*L'Inquietudine*) and 3 (*Il Sospetto*).

NOT ONLY the powerful opening movement of Mozart's Piano Concerto K.466 but the other two movements have the forceful playing by Edwin Fischer that they call for, in the performance with the London Philharmonic on Angel 35593 (with Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 5). But in another performance of K.466 on Columbia ML-5276 Robert Casadesus plays in a bland style that is inadequate, as it is in the charming opening movement and poignantly lovely Andante of the seldom-heard K.456. Worse still, in one of the greatest of the series, K.488, and in the unfamiliar and uninteresting K.451, on Columbia ML-5297, Serkin's playing—its treatment of the music and manipulation of the instrument—is something I would flunk a conservatory student for. And in another of the greatest, K.482, Iturbi punctuates his smooth playing with fussy nuances of dynamics, tempo and phrasing that are unsuitable and tasteless.

With occasional exceptions—*e.g.* the performances of Berlioz' *Te Deum* and Dvorak's Symphonic Variations—Beecham's work for some years has shown marked deterioration. And Capitol-EMI GCR-7127, with the first six of Haydn's Salomon symphonies, gives us performances of Nos. 93 and 94 which distort the music with their ponderous tempos, heavy and crude accentuation, insensitive, graceless phrasing, and general coarseness of execution, sonority and style; then performances of Nos. 95 and 96 which are effectively paced and sensitive; then a poor performance of No. 97, followed by a good one of 98.

IN HIS performance of Tchaikovsky's Fourth, on Angel 35443, Schippers gets the London Philharmonia to play and to phrase beautifully; but now and then his lingering over the beautiful sonority and phrasing slows the tempo and damages the momentum of the progression. And Kempe, in his performance of Tchaikovsky's *Pathétique* with the Philharmonia, on Capitol-EMI G-7128, follows tradition with tempos in the first movement and the middle section of the second movement that are much slower than the ones set by Tchaikovsky—the result being the traditional excessive intensification of expressive content. I recommend Argenta's performance of the Fourth and Steinberg's of the Pathétique.

Tchaikovsky's beautiful score for the ballet *The Sleeping Beauty* is on Angel 3579, played acceptably by George Weldon with the London Philharmonia. One of the most wonderfully achieved passages, the music of the Sleep Tableau of Act 2, is cut; but it is omitted entirely in the older London recording; and the Angel performance gives us the beautiful entr'acte that precedes it, which the London also omits.

And Delibes' delightful score for the ballet *Coppélia* is played excellently by Ansermet with L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande on London LL-1717/18.

B. H. HAGGIN

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MOVIES

Torture, New and Old

WALTER WANGER'S new film *I Want to Live* is a dramatization of the case of Barbara Graham who was executed for murder in California in 1955, and is an unusual picture in two respects. It is a blunt accusation of police chicanery and of miscarriage of justice, and it is also a harrowing documentary of the techniques of the gas chamber. The implications of the first point seem to me extraordinary. If evidence exists, as claimed, that Mrs. Graham was innocent, it is remarkable that it should have been brought first to a motion picture producer. And if legal steps have been taken towards examination of this evidence, possible vacating of the verdict, and financial redress for the dead woman's child, surely a film treatment (with a lurid ad campaign) is singular for a matter that is *sub judice?* To my knowledge, no legal group, official or professional, has commented on this.

I Want to Live (United Artists), *The Witches of Salem* (Kingsley-International).

In its second aspect, its treatment of capital punishment, the film seems to me only partially effective. We are taken through all the steps of the preparation of the gas chamber—filling the tanks with sulphuric acid, wrapping the cyanide eggs in cloth, testing the air-lock on the chamber door—presumably to fill us with horror about the process. This certainly happens, but it is not, if one may say so, the proper horror. It is diffused by the assertion of the prisoner's innocence. We think: "How horrible that this is happening to an innocent woman"; we ought to be thinking "What a horrible thing for human beings to do to any human being."

The recent French film, *We Are All Murderers,* told principally the story of a brutal killer with whom we suffered the agony of the death house and the impending guillotine. In the best book I have read on the subject—Giles Playfair's and Derrick Sington's *The Offenders*—the point is made strongly that if capital punishment is wrong, it is totally wrong: not only for the falsely convicted but also for the wretch who rapes and garrotes a child and for the concentration-camp officer who butchers thousands. Many abolitionists, like Wanger and his colleagues, are moved by the execution of the innocent and of murderers with whom they can feel some sympathy. This French film and the Playfair-Sington book have the courage to declare that if capital punishment is inutile and immoral, if it is ineffective as a deterrent (as it obviously is) and if it is a degradation of the society that employs it, then it must be abolished without exception. To use only neat examples, like Mrs. Graham, is to sentimentalize and obscure principles.

In the leading role, a prostitute and thieves' accomplice whose past convicts her of a crime she did not commit, Susan Hayward has the part of her career; and, on balance, she fails it precisely because of her career. Miss Hayward, who is not without talent, conveys much of the insouciance of the outlaw to whom society represents rich or meager pickings; and she understands the self-dramatization of a woman thrust into the spotlight who models her behavior on tabloid stories she has read about women thrust into the spotlight. But in addition to Mrs. Graham's self-dramatization, there is a constant small presence of Miss Hayward's repertoire of devices. Inflections and poses and pouts remind us of the movie star when we are trying to concentrate on the character.

The director, Robert Wise, is of the "open pore" school—harsh lighting, syncopated cutting, theatrical untheatricality—and has not completely escaped the earnest artiness that taints many naturalistic films—particularly in the first ten minutes or so; but on the whole he has kept his picture moving forward interestingly. The script, by Don Mankiewicz and Nelson Gidding, begins too soon. Nothing happens before Mrs. Graham's release from prison (for a perjury conviction) that isn't sufficiently covered in the matron's goodbye talk. And, as noted above, no one ever decided clearly whether this film was to be an attempt to right a legal wrong or an indictment of legal killing. If the former, the details of the death house were superfluous; if the latter, a guilty person would have been a more honest subject. But the dialogue is pungent and sharp and, after its slow first reel, the picture is gripping. Any objections are afterthoughts, but thus they are complimentary; most films don't provoke afterthoughts.

Those who like jazz tell me that the score of this picture, by John Mandel, is noteworthy. I wonder why lovers of jazz don't object to its unvarying association in films with depravity, dope, and crime. If jazz really has range of content, if it is more than visceral excitement, when are we going to see a hero and heroine walk into the sunset to the strains of a Dixieland beat?

IT IS something of a disgrace that one of of our few good dramatists, Arthur Miller, had to go to France for a film version of what may be his best play, *The Crucible.* It is doubly regrettable because this film, called *The Witches of Salem,* hasn't been running two minutes before we realize that we are going to view Puritan New England through very Gallic eyes. John Proctor (Yves Montand) enters with his shirt open to the waist (it is rarely closed in the film), and we plunge into an off-the-shoulder, bedroom-grappling version of a play in which illicit love was quite a minor theme.

The screenplay, by that erratic genius Jean-Paul Sartre, has not only emphasized the triangle element, it has converted *The Crucible* into a proletarian allegory. Only the poor of Salem are persecuted as witches, and in the end they rise to kill the governor. Even if that is historically true, it is not germane to the play which is neither about sex nor class oppression but about a man who discovers that ideals are at least as real as facts: and who thus discovers that a life ruled by practicality and rationalization can only prolong itself but that

Notes on Contributors

MALCOLM COWLEY was literary editor of this journal for many years. He is the author of several books of criticism, the most recent of which is *The Literary Situation.* REINHOLD NIEBUHR, the distinguished theologian, is at the Princeton Institute for Advanced Studies. GERHARD P. VAN ARKEL is an attorney in Washington, D. C.

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a life given for ideals triumphs over futility. (It is curious that although the climax of *The Crucible* is similar in pitch to that of Sartre's own magnificent *Dirty Hands,* still Sartre has bungled this adaptation.)

Also plagued with picturesque shots that linger too long, this distorted film strives but fails. It gave me the feeling that I got from a Roman production of *Death of a Salesman* and from Jean-Louis Barrault's *Hamlet*: that, like it or not, there are such things as national temperaments and they color art; that all translations, however beautiful, must be incomplete; that no Frenchman can really know Shakespeare or Arthur Miller and no American can really know Moliere.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

TELEVISION

Q. *Did You Do It?* A. *I Done It.*

WHAT of the impact of television on trial by jury? As the popularity of the quiz show declines, the courtroom melodrama takes its place. Such shows require a minimum of sets, no knowledge of legal procedures, and can be readily brought into camera focus. Trendex ratings show that the average prospective talesman in the United States has now seen 18.6 such trials (the word "trial" here being used in its juridical meaning) and it is interesting to speculate what impressions will be carried into the real jury room by him.

The discriminating viewer will soon learn that these dramas may be divided into Classes A and B, and that a single glance at the District Attorney will suffice to determine where it belongs. If he is a clean-cut, square-jawed, neatly dressed, crusading type, the defendant is guilty. If he is a rumpled, low-browed, cigar-smoking politician, it is clear that the defendant has been framed and is innocent.

Interestingly enough, however, they start with quite different cases. In a Class A show, there is some apparently insurmountable objection to conviction; the defendant was in jail, in Venezuela, in the hospital, at the time the crime was committed. Since we know the defendant to be guilty, this puzzles us no more than it daunts the DA. In a Class B production, on the other hand, the shady prosecutor has a case airtight to about 250 atmospheres. We know this to be so, because the trial opens with his assurance that he has, and our conviction is strengthened as he proceeds to prove a) that the deceased left no will; b) that the rear view mirror which he has put in evidence is from a 1956 Plymouth; c) that Terry's real name is Joan; and d) calls the defendant to testify that he (she) was with the deceased to the time of his (her) death.

The climax comes at twenty-three minutes after, or seven minutes before, the hour. If it is a Class A film, the defendant will have taken the stand, stoutly denying guilt. On cross-examination, the clean-cut, square-jawed DA gets close enough to the defendant to test for glaucoma and shouts, "Isn't it true that you knew there was a secret clause in the will leaving everything to Terry and that at exactly 11:13 you slipped out through the skylight and stole up the backstairs to the deceased's room with your titanium oxide?" Down goes the defendant's head in shame, and we barely hear the muttered "Yes." There is pandemonium in the courtroom, the verdict of the jury is conveniently dispensed with, and the DA is assured that he is to be the candidate for Governor of some unidentified party. Careful research has shown that the number of television witnesses who break down under the withering fire of a single question on cross-examination is approximately 100 percent.

If it is a Class B film, the prosecutor is sitting pretty at about the same time, but then makes his fatal mistake. He calls a hospital attendant to identify the deceased's fever chart. On cross-examination, the clean-cut, square-jawed defense attorney pushes his finger through to the witness' backbone and shouts, "Isn't it true that there was a secret clause in the will leaving everything to Terry and that on the night of June 25th the defendant was doing rifle practice with the National Guard while his wife was home with the baby?" This time the hospital attendant murmurs a barely audible "yes" and a figure jumps up in the courtroom and yells "I had to do it to avenge Lefty." More pandemonium, in which the jury joins, rather than retiring to the jury room. The discomfited prosecutor slinks out, his chances for the Governorship on any ticket shattered, as they are weekly. One can only sympathize with the lot of an attorney who is called on to lose 13, or 26, or 39, airtight cases in a row, but one wonders about the obtuseness of the voters who return to office a prosecutor with so impressively unbroken a line of losses.

THE bewildering effect of all this on the juror summoned to his public duty is all too evident. What is he to do when he finds that both attorneys are square-jawed, or smoke cigars? How will he react to an objection in the second half of the trial? If the judge overrules an objection, will he conclude that the case is fixed, or the judge mentally incompetent? What is he to do if the defendant fails to take the stand, or having taken it, persists in denying his guilt to the bitter end? Since no Judge has ever charged a jury on television, will not the members of the jury ask what that old goat is doing talking to us when he instructs them on the law? Will the training the juror has received in relying on the most irrelevant trivialities to decide a case be adequate to sustain him through his most exacting, but unfamilar, task—that of arriving at a verdict? And what will be his reaction, accustomed to reach a decision after a peek at the DA's suit, when he is required to listen to days of testimony, examine mounds of exhibits, worry through instructions to disregard testimony, and the rest of it? Perhaps we should now, before it is too late, return to the ordeal by fire or water.

GERHARD P. VAN ARKEL

TO THE END OF THOUGHT

Jack Jones' article in No. 6 of *newspaper* is one of the most important essays of this century. "*To the End of Thought* is the most stimulating essay I have read for a long time. It explains the present philosophical impasse and gives some hope of a new era of thought"—**Sir Herbert Read.** "The brilliant young psycho-historian Jack Jones has recently been publishing a series of essays which look very much like a major intellectual innovation"—**Maxwell Geismar.** "I have read nothing with so many profound judgments on that mad beast, Nihilism, which is tearing the mind and the heart to pieces. . . . Either we must commence thinking as Mr. Jones does, or else admit that we are cowardly enough to watch the false, political dragons of our time kill the human intellect"—**Edward Dahlberg.** Send 25c to Jack A. Green, 225 E. 5th St., N. Y. 3. Issues No. 4-7, $1.

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THEATRE

Broadway in Bloom

THE YELLOW PERIL continues to sweep Broadway with *The World of Suzie Wong* firmly established, *Rashomon* on the horizon and *The Flower Drum Song* newly arrived.

This latest Rodgers and Hammerstein folk operetta is made up of a large cast of more or less Chinese (gathered from Japan, California, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Texas, Harlem and, of all places, China), and it concerns the clash of cultures—East vs. West—in San Francisco's Chinatown. The problem is this: Will Wang Ta, the American-born son of a wise old mandarin-style Chinese father, marry the brassy tramp who strips at the Celestial Bar or will he choose the shy mail-order bride from the Old Country. The answer is immediately evident to anyone with half an eye—even a blue eye—but *how* the problem is solved just isn't very interesting.

The Flower Drum Song, by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II (St. James Theatre); *Cue for Passion*, by Elmer Rice (Henry Miller's Theatre); *The Disenchanted*, by Budd Schulberg and Harvey Breit (Coronet Theatre); *La Plume de Ma Tante*, by Robert Dhery (Royale Theatre).

As a musical comedy, I found *The Flower Drum Song* irritatingly cute and patronizing, and lacking in both melody and humor. Miyoshi Umeki is sweet as the prim virgin from the Far East. But it seemed to me that the only performers with authority were Larry Blyden (who is about as Chinese as I am) and Juanita Hall, who must by now be considered an Honorary Oriental. All in all, the best thing about an evening in the St. James is to see how nicely they've redecorated the theatre.

Hamlet is one of those shows that playwrights and producers can't resist monkeying with. *Cue for Passion* is the result of Elmer Rice's special go at William Shakespeare. Leaning heavily on the not-very-startling theory that the melancholy Dane had an Oedipus complex, Mr. Rice brings us a 1958 Hamlet returned from his wanderings to the California drawing room of his beloved mother and hated step-father. It just doesn't work. Rather than the twenty-ninth play of a seasoned writer, *Cue for Passion* seem callow and half-baked, filled with purple passages and successful neither as a thriller nor as a psychological drama.

WHILE I confess indifference to F. Scott Fitzgerald's life and works—excepting only *The Great Gatsby*—I recommend *The Disenchanted*, based on Budd Schulberg's novel, which was roughly based on an experience Mr. Schulberg once shared with Fitzgerald.

The Disenchanted is an uneven and inconclusive play, but in the course of reaching its inconclusion, the audience has been treated to some great moments and some even greater acting.

The story deals with Manley Halliday, an almost forgotten novelist, once the darling of the twenties, who is so down on his luck that he agrees to collaborate with an eager young screen writer on a grim-sounding campus musical balefully entitled *Love On Ice*. Reluctant from the beginning, Halliday needs the money in order to get out of debt and complete the great novel he has begun.

Despite the two writers' liking for one another, the film play goes badly. Against his will, Halliday and his co-author are sent to New York en route to "location." It is there that Halliday's ex-wife—whom we have met in flashbacks as a good-time girl of the twenties—appears as a middle-aged poet and a guiding light of A.A. The experience totally shatters Halliday, who has never been free of her. He returns to the bottle after nearly a year on the wagon. It proves his final undoing. Drunk and disorderly at the college winter carnival, he has no scenario to offer, he insults the faculty, their wives and his producer and he is at last left alone to die, disgraced and forgotten.

I repeat, the play is spotty. Most of the flashbacks struck me as pretentious, embarrassing and awkward. But there is enough dynamite in the rest of the play—in just the "talk"—and in the performances of its principals to more than make up for its shortcomings.

Jason Robards, Jr., and George Grizzard—probably the two best young actors in America—are matchless as the old and youthful writers. Rosemary Harris is electric as Halliday's manic wife and, in her unique voice, reads with complete assurance lines that would drive a lesser actress to the dressing room in tears of mortification. Whitfield Connor brings perfect balance and credibility to the trying role of the Hollywood producer and David Pressman's direction is praiseworthy.

There is something for everyone in *La Plume de Ma Tante*, the witty revue that has delighted Paris and London for some years. *Hellzapoppin'* or the antics of the Crazy Gang come quickest to mind as a basis of comparison, but Robert Dhery and his jolly French-English helpers are much subtler and far funnier. Since English is spoken—whenever any language needs to be spoken—and since almost all of the fun is visual, no grasp of French is necessary to give anyone a delightful time. My four-year-old son loved it and I think you will, too, for it is surely the gayest, pleasantest attraction currently on view in New York.

PATRICK DENNIS

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Correspondence

(Continued from page 3)

Western equivalent of the Stalin prize, an award made to people who contribute effectively to a party line. Despite Churchill, the list of awards does not support this charge.

Mr. Massingham finds it a hopeful sign that Pasternak was not called a hyena when his book was first rejected on political grounds, and suggests that the burgeoning libertarian sentiment he observes in Russia has been harmed by the award. If this is so, it could not have been a very sturdy growth anyway, and some other wind would probably have knocked it down. If the award had been withheld in deference to the sensitivities of those "uncommitted" Russians, *that* would have been putting it to a political use.

Finally, Mr. Massingham says that the book wasn't good enough to merit the Nobel Prize anyway. Well, there is always room for argument in this area, but Pasternak's accomplishments surely qualify him as a prominent candidate, and it is bad form, as well as illogical, to leap from literary disagreements to political charges.

WALTER GOODMAN

New York City

► *Our Lethargic FCC*

SIRS:

CHEERS for William Costello's article on the default of our lethargic FCC in enforcing public service requirements of American broadcasters (*NR*, November 24). It is especially heartening to read these words, which come from one involved in the broadcasting "industry" itself, and not from the ivory towers of our nation where philosophers can afford to think they are kings, since their livelihoods are not related to the commercial welfare of radio or TV.

GEORGE N. GORDON

Communication Arts Group
New York University
New York City

► *A Minus for Mr. Bennett*

SIRS:

SOMEONE has called my attention to your record of my votes during the 85th Congress (*NR*, September 22). Specifically, he has asked me about the plus sign you have placed beside my name under the issue which you have called "Anti-Supreme Court." . . . I believe an error has been made as to my vote. . . .

CHARLES E. BENNETT, M.C.

The US House of Representatives

We regret that, through a mechanical error in the recording of the House vote on H.R. 3, we were so misguided as to transpose the stands taken by Representatives Charles E. Bennett (D, Fla.) and John B. Bennett (R, Mich.). Florida's Congressman favored the bill and thus earned a "minus." Michigan's Congressman deserved a "plus" for his opposition to the measure. Both men were re-elected.—THE EDITORS.

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